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ANTIENT MUSIC,

UNDER THE

Patronage of Their Majesties:

AS PERFORMED

AT THE NEW ROOMS,

TOTTENHAM-STREET,

M.DCC.XCI.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. LEE.

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Anguiſh, Miſs M. 20

Beaufort. Dutcheſs of
Bath and Wells, Biſhop of
Bangor, Biſhop of
Broke, Lord Willoughby de
Broke, Lady Willoughby de
Boſton, Lord
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Boſanquet, Mr.
Boſanquet, Mrs.
Baker, Mr.
Brocus, Mrs
Burges, Mr Smith
Brown, Mr. H.
Billinghurſt, Miſs 44

Chancellor, Lord
Chandos, Dutcheſs D. of
Campo, Marquis del
Camden, Earl of
Cheſterfield, Earl of
Courtney, Lord Viſ.
Cave, Lady
Cornwall, Lady
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Cornwall, Miſs
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Clark, Miſs
Cornwallis, Miſs
Chowne, Miſs
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Cotsford, Mr.
Cotsford, Mrs.
Cotton, Mr. H. C.
Cotton. Mrs. H. C
Cuthburt, Miſs
Cave, Miſs. 45

Devonſhire, Duke of
Devonſhire, Dutcheſs of
Dover, Lord
Dudley and Ward, Lord Viſcount
Dudley and Ward, Lady Viſcounteſs
Dare, Lord
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David St. Biſhop of
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Dent, Mr. Robert
Dent, Mr. John
Dance, Mr.
Dance, Mrs.
Dance, Mr. George
Darrell, Mr. R.
Darrell, Mr. E.
Dove, Miſs 22

Eyre, Lord Chief Baron
Edmonſtone, Sir Arch.
Edmonſtone, Lady
Englefield, Sir Henry
Egerton, Rev. Mr. F.
Egerton, Mr. J.
Egerton, Mr.
Egerton, Mrs. 8

Falmouth, Lord
Falmouth, Lady
Fawcett, Sir. Wm.
Fawcett, Lady
Fortiſcue, Lord
Fitzhugh, Mr. T.
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Falconer, Mr.
Fiſher, Mrs.
Fiſher, Miſs
Fauquier, Mr.
Fauquier, Mrs.
Frazier, Mr.
Fitzhugh, Miſs
Fitzhugh, Miſs
Foote, Mr.
Frampton, Mr. 17

Gordon, Dutcheſs of
Glouceſter, Biſhop of
Goodenough, Major
Giſborne, Dr.
Gribble, S. H. Eſq.
Goſling, Mr. R.
Goſling, Mr. W.
Goſling, Mrs.
Goſling, Mr. F.
Goſling, Mrs. F.
Goodlad, Miſs
Gower, Mrs. L.
Graham, Mr.
Gataker, Mrs. 14

Heathcote, Lady
Heſketh, Lady
Howard, Lord

Howard, Lady
Hambleton, Lady
Hatton, Lady
Hotham, Mr. Baron
Hotham, Lady
Hotham, Miſs
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Hardinge, Miſs
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Hatſell, Mr.
Hatſell, Mrs.
Hardinge, Mrs. G.
Hebberden, Mr.
Holford, Mr.
Hatton, Mr. E. F.
Howard, Mr.
Hatton, Miſs E. 40

Ibbetſon, Mr.
Ibbetſon, Mrs.
Jones, Rev. Dr.
Jones, Mrs.
James, Rev. Mr.
Jones, Miſs
Jones, Mrs.
Jackſon, Mrs.
Jackſon, Mr. Henry
Jackſon, Mrs. Henry
Jordon, Mr.
Jones, Mr. 21

King, Mr.
King, Mrs
Knipe, Mr. E.
Knipe, Mr. S.
Keyſall, Mr.
Keat, Mr.
Keat, Rev. Mr 7

Leeds, Dutcheſs of
Long, Lady
Legg, Lady C.
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Londonderry, Lady
Liddle, Lady
Lake, Sir James
Long, Sir J. T.
Layard, Rev. Dr.
Lucas, Captain
Lane, Mr.
Loveden, Mr.
Lennard, Miſs
Lambert, Mr. C.
Lockwood, Mrs. C. 15

Moſtyn, Lady
Middleton, Lord
Middleton, Lady
Miller, Lady
Macdonald, Lord
Montague, Hon. Mrs.
Martin, Mr. Byam
Martin, Mrs. Byam
Methuen, Mr. Sen.
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Moſs, Miſs
Morrice, Mrs. C.
Merrick, Mr.
Merrick, Mrs.
Mills, Mr. C.
Maſters, Mr.
Madocks, Mrs.
Milles, Mrs. 29

Nolekin, Baron
Newnham, Mr. Ald.
Nares, Rev. Mr.
Nealſon, Mr.
Nealſon, Mrs.
Noaille, Miſs
Nichola, Mr. Jun.
Nevill, Mrs. 8

Ord, Rt. Hon. Thomas
Oxendon, Sir Henry, Bt. 2

Portland, Dutcheſs of
Palworth, Lady Amabel
Palmerſton, Lord
Puſey, Hon. Mr.
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Rochford, Earl of
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Ruſhout, Lady
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Reynolds, Mrs.
Reynolds, Miſs
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Ruſhout, Miſs
Rouſe, Mr. B. 18

Saliſbury, Marchioneſs of
Sykes, Lady
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Shuldam, Lady
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Stephens, Miſs
Stear, Mrs.
Sumner, Mrs.
Sherret, Miſs
Stafford, Mrs. 31

Turner, Lady
Taylor, Rev. Mr. G.
Tate, Miſs
Trevelyan, Mr. 4

Uxbridge, Counteſs of

Vernon, Lord
Vernon, Hon. Miſs
Vyſe, Rev. Dr.
Vane, Mrs. E.
Vere, Mrs.
Vincent, Mr. 7

Walſingham, Lord
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Webſter, Lady
Woronzow, Count
Wincheſter, Biſhop of
Walzby, Dr.
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Weyland, Miſs
Woodcock, Mr.
Woodcock, Mrs.
Woodford, Mrs.
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Winter, Mr.
Woodroffe, Mr.
Woodroffe, Mrs. 26

Yonge, Lady
Young, Lady
Young, Sir George
Yorke, Hon. Mr. J.
Yeldham, Mr.
Yarde, Mr. 6

A

LIST OF THE PERFORMERS,

AT THE

Concert of ANTIENT MUSIC.

VOCAL PERFORMERS.

PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

Madame MARA, Signora STORACE,

Mr. KELLY, Mr. NEILD, Mr. KNYVETT,
Mr. SALE, and Mr. CHAMPNESS.

CANTO CHORUS.

Eight Chapel Boys
Four Weſtminſter Boys
Maſter Doyle
Maſter Knyvett
Maſter Skillen
Maſter Sale

ALTO CHORUS.

Mr. Reinholdſon
Mr. Gore
Mr. Vincent
Mr. Horsfall
Mr. Guiſhard
Mr. Walker
Mr. Swaine
Mr. Wilſon
Mr. Salmon

TENOR CHORUS.	BASS CHORUS.
Mr. Chriſtian	Mr. Champneſs
Mr. Dorion	Mr. Danby
Mr. Hobler	Mr. Doyle
Mr. Page	Mr. Smart
Mr. J. Aſhley	Mr. Saunders
Mr. C. Knyvett	Mr. Bartleman
Mr. Cooke	Mr. Boyce
Mr. Clark	Mr. Capon
Mr. Rook	Mr. Birns

INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

VIOLINS.

Mr. Cramer
Mr. Blake
Mr. Soderini
Mr. Hackwood
Mr. Rawlings
Mr. Agus
Mr. Evans
Mr. Fiſin
Mr. Schram
Mr. F. Cramer, Junior
Mr. Greſhbach
Mr. Greſhbach
Mr. F. Greſhbach
Mr. W. Pick
Mr. Meeller
Mr. Wagner

VIOLAS.

Mr. Rd. Aſhley
Mr. Sharp
Mr. Watſon
Mr. Wilſon
Mr. Kellner

VIOLONCELLOS.

Mr. Sperati
Mr. Waterhouſe
Mr. Schram
Mr. Greſhbach

OBOES.

Mr. Parke
Mr. Kellner
Mr. Dickinſon
Mr. Oliver

BASSOONS.

Mr. Aſhley
Mr. Lyon
Mr. Holmes
Mr. Zink

DOUBLE BASSES.

Mr. Neibour
Mr. Smart

TRUMPETS.

Mr. Sarjant
Mr. Cantelo

DRUMS.

Mr. Aſhbridge

HORNS.

Mr. Kaye
Mr. Millar
Mr. Leander
Mr. Kellner

TROMBONE.

Mr. Frankie
Mr. Peters
Mr. Hageman

(No. 1.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The DUKE OF LEEDS.

Concert of Antient MUSIC.

Wedneſday, February 2d, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and Chorus. O the pleaſures of the plains. (*Acis and Galatea.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Total Eclipſe. Chorus. O firſt-created Beam. (*Samſon.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Strange reverſe. (*Alex. Balus.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. O Father, &c. (*Judas Mac.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Rendi il ſereno, (*Sofarmes.*)	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 7th.	*Corelli.*
Song. Where'er you walk. (*Semele.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Gird on thy Sword, (*Saul.*)	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (*Alcina.*)	*Handel.*
Song. When warlike, &c. (*Occaſ. Oratorio.*)	*Handel.*
Song. Se mai ſenti.	*Jomelli.*
Te Deum. (*Firſt Movement.*)	*Graun.*
Song. Deſcend, kind pity. (*Theodora.*)	*Handel.*
GRAND CONCERTO, 5th.	*Handel.*
Song. Di cor mio. (*Alcina.*)	*Handel.*
Chorus. Fix'd in his, &c. (*Samſon.*)	*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

O The pleaſures of the plains!
Happy Nymphs and happy Swains:
Harmleſs, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and ſport the hours away.
For us the Zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe
And flowers diſplay their hue
For us the Winters rain,
For us the Summers ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And Autumn bleeds the vine *Da Capo.*

SONG. Mr. KELLY. *Handel.*

Total eclipſe! no ſun, no moon!
All dark amidſt the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and ſtars, are dark to me!

CHORUS.

O firſt-created beam, and thou great Word!
Let there be light! and light was over all;
One heav'nly blaze ſhone round this earthly ball!
To thy dark ſervant life by light afford.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Handel.

Strange reverſe of human fate,
Mighty joy and mighty woe!
None are happy, none are great,
In this changeful ſtate below.

CHORUS.

Handel.

O Father! whoſe Almighty power
The heav'ns and earth and ſeas adore!
The heart of Judah, thy delight,
In one defenſive band unite,
And grant a leader, bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to ſave.

SONG. Madame MARA.

Suſarmes.

Rendi il ſereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d'alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu? *Da Cate-*

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

Where'er you walk cool gales ſhall fan the glade;
Trees where you ſit ſhall crowd into a ſhade,
Where'er you tread the bluſhing flowers ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Handel.

Gird on thy ſword, thou man of might,
Purſue thy wonted fame;
Go on, be proſperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy ſtrong right hand, with terror arm'd
Shall thy obdurate foes diſmay;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous ſway.

ACT II.

SONG. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

WHEN warlike enſigns wave on high,
And trumpets pierce the vaulted ſky,
The frighted peaſant ſees his field
For corn an iron harveſt yield.
No paſture now the plain affords,
And rural ſcythes are chang'd to ſwords.
Be calm, and Heav'n will ſoon diſpoſe
To future good our preſent woes.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Jomelli.

Se mai ſenti ſpirati ſul volto
Lieve fiato che lento s'aggiri
Di ſon queſti gl'eſtremi ſoſpiri
Del mio fido che muore per me
Al mio ſpirto dal ſeno diſciolto
La memoria di tanti martiri
Sarà dolce con queſta merce. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Graun.*

Te Deum laudámus, Te Dóminum confitémur. Te ætérnum Patrem, omnis terra venerátur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes Angeli tibi cæli et univérſæ poteſtates. Tibi Chérubim et Séraphim inceſſabili voce proclàmant.

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sábbaoth. Pleni ſunt Cæli et Terra Majeſtatis Gloriæ tuæ.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *Handel.*

Deſcend, kind pity, heav'nly gueſt,
Deſcend, and fill each breaſt
With ſympathizing woe;
That liberty, and peace of mind,
May ſweetly harmonize mankind,
And bleſs the world below.

SONG. Madame MARA. *Handel.*

Di, cor mio, quanto t'amai.
Moſtra il Boſco, il Fonte, il Rio
Dove tacqui, e ſoſpirai
Pria di chiederti mercé.

Dove fiſſo ne' miei rai,
Soſpirando al ſoſpir mio,
Mi diceſti con un ſguardo
Peno, ed ardo al par di té. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

Handel.

Fix'd in his everlaſting ſeat,
Jehovah rules the world in ſtate,
Great Dagon rules the world in ſtate.
His thunder roars, heav'n ſhakes, and earth's aghaſt.
The ſtars with deep amaze,
Remain in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Jehovah is, of Gods, the firſt and laſt.
Great Dagon is, of gods, the firſt and laſt.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

(No. 2.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL OF SANDWICH,

For the EARL OF EXETER.

Concert of Antient MUSIC.

Wedneſday, February 9th, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Hercules.)*	*Handel.*
Muſic in the Tempeſt.	*Purcell.*
Song. The trumpet's, &c. *(Dryden's Ode.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 9th.	*Corelli.*
Song. Non vi piacque. *(Siroe.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Wretched lovers.	*Handel.*
Recit. Ye ſacred prieſts. / Song. Farewell ye limpid, &c. *(Jephtha.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Hallelujah. *(Meſſiah.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE 4th. Opera 7th.	*Martini.*
Song. For ever bleſſed. / Chorus. Theme ſublime. *(Jephtha.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Sorprender.	*Haſſe.*
CONCERTO 3d. Opera 1ſt.	*Geminiani.*
Song. Dolce repoſo. *(Teſeo.)*	*Handel.*
The Lord ſhall reign. *(Iſrael in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*

ACT I.

AIR. Madame MARA. *Purcell.*

COME unto theſe yellow ſands,
And there take hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the reſt the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark!
The watch dogs bark:
Hark! I hear
The ſtrain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this curſed place;
While thus we compaſs in
Theſe mortals and their ſin.

AIR. Signora STORACE.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth ſuffer a ſea change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them ding dong bell.

AIR. Signora STORACE.

Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe
Hath yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity;
Follow me, and you ſhall ſee.

AIR. Mr. SALE.

See, ſee the Heavens ſmile,
With clouds no more o'er-caſt;
In this now happy iſle
Are all our ſorrows paſt. *Da Capo.*

QUARTETTO. Madame MARA, Signora STORACE, Meſſrs. NIELD and SALE.

Where the bee ſucks there lurk I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After ſun-ſet, merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

AIR. Signora STORACE.

Halcyon days, now ſtorms are ending,
You ſhall find whene'er you ſail;
Tritons all the while attending,
With a kind and pleaſant gale,
Safely guard you to the ſhore,
And your peace and joy reſtore.

CHORUS.

No ſtars again ſhall hurt you from above,
But all your days ſhall paſs in peace and love.

AIR. Mr. KELLY, and CHORUS.

Handel.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms
With ſhrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms;
The double, double, double beat
Of the thund'ring drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

Non vi piacque, ingiuſti Dei
Ch'io naſceſſi Paſtorella;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un agnella,
Che l'affetto d'un Paſtor.

CHORUS.

Handel.

Wretched lovers! Fate has paſt
This ſad decree; No joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream;
Behold the monſter Polypheme;
See what ample ſtrides he takes;
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes:
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECIT. Madame MARA.

Handel.

Ye ſacred prieſts, whoſe hands ne'er yet were ſtain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of heav'n with humble reſignation I obey.

AIR.

Farewell, ye limpid ſprings and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods:
Farewell, thou buſy world, where reign
Short hours of joy and years of pain.
Brighter ſcenes I ſeek above
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS.

Handel.

Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Chriſt; and he ſhall reign for ever and ever,

King of kings, and Lord of lords. Hallelujah!

ACT II.

AIR. Mr. NIELD. *Handel.*

FOR ever bleſſed be thy holy Name, Lord God of Iſrael!

CHORUS.

Theme ſublime of endleſs praiſe,
Juſt and righteous are thy ways;
And thy mercies ſtill endure
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

SONG. Madame MARA.

Haſſe.

Sorprender mi vorreſti
Nume dell' alme imbelle
Ma in vano a me favelli
Nume non ſei per me
Al alma mia diſciolta
In van catene appreſti
Fra ſuoi rigori in volta
Scherno fara di te.

SONG: Signora STORACE.

CAVATINA. *Handel.*

Dolce ripoſa
Ed innocente pace
Ben felice è quel Cor
Che vi poſſiede.

RECIT.

Sempre fù a me tiranno
Il pargoletto amore
Or nuovi Strali alcore
D'avventar ſi compiace
E non lo ſana
Allor, che il mal lo chiede

Cavatina D. C.

L'infelice Medea
Innocente Saria
Se amor non conoſceſſe
Il germano, ed i figli
Vittime al mio furore
Furon cauſa d'amore,
E ſe freme l'inferno
Al ſuon de detti miei queſti non ſanno
Render al mio conforto altro che danno

ARIA.

Quell' amor che é nato a forza
Non contenta un cor amante
Qual s' accende tal s' ammorza
E ſi perde in un iſtante.

CHORUS.

Handel.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

For the horſe of Pharoah went in with his chariots, and with his horſemen, into the ſea; and the Lord brought again the waters of the ſea upon them; but the children of Iſrael went on dry land in the midſt of the ſea.

CHORUS.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

And Miriam the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam anſwered them.

AIR. Madame MARA, and CHORUS.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumped glorioufly. The horſe and his rider hath he thrown into the ſea.

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.

(No. 3.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The EARL OF EXETER,

For the EARL OF SANDWICH.

Concert of Antient MUSIC.

Wedneſday, February 16th, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Your harps. *(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Chaſtity, thou cherub. *(Suſanna.)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 3d. Opera 4th.	*Aviſon.*
Air and Chorus. Bacchus. *(Alex. Feaſt.)*	*Handel.*
Duet. Every joy. *(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*
Song. My father. *(Hercules.)*	*Handel.*
Air and Chorus. Jehovah crown'd. *(Eſther.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

Dixit Dominus.	*Leo.*
Song. Berenice, ove ſei? *(Lucio Vero.)*	*Jomelli.*
Gloria Patri.	*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

YOUR harps and cymbals ſound to great Jehovah's praiſe,
Unto the Lord of Hoſts your willing voices raiſe.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *Handel.*

Chaſtity, thou cherub bright,
Gentle as the dawn of light,
Soft as Muſic's dying ſtrain,
Teach the fair how vain is beauty
When ſhe breaks the bounds of duty;
Vain are charms, and graces vain.

AIR. Mr. SALE. *Handel.*

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain;
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure;
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure!
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

DUET, *(Solomon.)* Signor PACCHIEROTTI and Signora STORACE.

Handel.

Ev'ry joy that wiſdom knows
May'ſt thou, pious monarch, ſhare!
Ev'ry bleſſing Heav'n beſtows
Be thy portion virtuous fair!

Gently flow thy rolling days.
Sorrow be a ſtranger here.
May thy people ſound thy praiſe,
Praiſe unbought by price or fear!

SONG. Madame MARA.

Handel.

My father!—Ah! methinks I ſee
The ſword inflict the deadly wound;
He bleeds—he falls— in agony
Dying he bites the crimſon ground.

AIR. Signor PACCHIEROTTI.

Handel.

Jehovah, crown'd with glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal light;
Whoſe miniſters are flames of fire;
Ariſe, and execute thine ire.

CHORUS.

He comes, he comes to end our woes,
And pour his vengeance on our foes.
Earth trembles, lofty mountains nod;
Jacob, ariſe, and meet thy God.

ACT II.

CHORUS. *Lee.*

DIXIT Dominus Domino meo, ſede a dextris meis.

AIR. Signora STORACE.

Donec ponum inimicos tuos ſcabellum pedum tuorum.

AIR, Madame MARA, and CHORUS.

Virgam virtutis tuæ emittet Dominus ex Sion; dominare in media inimicorum tuorum.

AIR. Signor PACCHIEROTTI.

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ, in ſplendoribus ſanctorum; ex utero ante Luciferum genui te.

CHORUS.

Juravit Dominus, et non pænitebit Eum; Tu es ſacerdos in Æternum, ſecundum ordinum Melchiſedech.

QUINTETTO.

Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ ſuæ Reges: judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas,

conquaſſabit capita in terrâ multorum; de torrente in viâ bibet; propterea exaltabit caput.

CHORUS.

Gloria Patri, Filio, et Spiritui Sancto; ſicut erat in principio, et nunc, et ſemper, et in ſecula ſeculorum. Amen.

RECIT. and SONG. Signora STORACE.

Jomelli.

Berenice, ove ſei?
Qual lugubre apparato
Di Spavento, e di lutto?
Qual di tenebre e d'ombre
Reggio dolente e fiera?
Forſe quì di Tieſte
Si rinovan le Cene, e langue il giorno
Fuggitivo così, perchè tra queſte,
Soglie, funeſte, oh Dio?
Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio!
Ahimè ſogno o ſon deſta?
Odo—o parmi d' udir—la voce— il pianto—
Del moribondo Spoſo?—ahi ſon per queſti
Gemiti di chi langue
Singulti di chi ſpira—E quell' oſcura
Caligine profonda,
De là s' inalza, e moſtra
Non ſo qual ſimulacro a gli occhi miei—
Quella—sì quella— oh Dei gia la ravviſo,
E del mio Vologeſo

L'ombra meſta e dolente?
Ah barbaro tiranno
Uccideſti il mio ſpoſo
Io non m'inganno

S O N G,

Ombra, che pallida
Fai quì ſoggiorno;
Larva che ſquallida
Mi giri intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi da me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no pace non v'è

C H O R U S.

Handel.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghoſt.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever ſhall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

(No. 4.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON,

For the EARL of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music.

Wedneſday, February 23d, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.		
Recit. 'Twas at the royal.	*(Alex. Feaſt.)*	*Handel.*
Air and Chorus. Happy.		
Song. Io di mia man.		*Haſſe.*
Recit. It muſt be ſo.		
Song. Pour forth no more.	*(Jephtha.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. No more to Ammon's.		
CONCERTO 6th.		*Stanley.*
Song. Vo ſolcando.		*Vinci.*
Air. Vouchſafe, O Lord.		
Chorus. Lord, in thee.	*(Te Deum in B.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE 7th.		*Martini.*
Recit. Matrons and virgins.		
Song. Oh, who can tell.	*(Joſhua.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. To long poſterity.		
CONCERTO 6th, from his Solos.		*Geminiani.*
Air and Chorus. O thou, &c.	*(Meſſiah.)*	*Handel.*
Cantata. Chi non ode.		*Pergoleſi.*
Anthem. My heart is inditing.		*Handel.*

ACT I.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won
By Philip's warlike ſon,
Aloft, in awful ſtate,
The godlike hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roſes and with myrtles bound;
So ſhou'd deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat, like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride

AIR. Mr. KELLY.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerve the fair.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Haſſe.

IO di mia man la fronte
T' adornerò d' allori,
Terger nei bei ſudori
Io di mia man ſaprò,
Piane le vie ſcoſceſe,
Certe le dubbie impreſe,
Piacevoli gli affanni
Sempre ti renderò.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Handel.

It muſt be ſo; or theſe vile Ammonites,
Our lordly tyrants, now theſe eighteen years,
Will cruſh the race of Iſrael.——
Since Heav'n vouchſafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader, as before,
Ourſelves muſt chooſe.—And who ſo fit a man
As Gilead's ſon, our brother, valiant Jephtha;
True, we have ſlighted, ſcorn'd, expell'd him hence,
As of a ſtranger born; but well I know him;
His generous ſoul diſdains a mean revenge,
When his diſtreſsful country calls his aid.—
And perhaps God may favour our requeſt,
If, with repentant hearts, we ſue for mercy.

AIR. Mr. SALE.

Pour forth no more unheeded pray'rs
To idols deaf and vain:
No more with vile unhallow'd airs,
The ſacred rites profane.

CHORUS.

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moluch, ſhall our cymbals ring,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue
Chemoſh no more
Will we adore
With timbrell'd anthems, to JEHOVAH due.

SONG. Madame MARA.

Vinci.

Vo ſolcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e ſenza ſarte;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Creſce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son coſtretto a ſeguitar.
Infelice in queſto ſtato
Son da tutti abbandonato;
Meco e ſola l'Innocenza
Che me porta a naufragar. *Da Capo.*

AIR Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS:

Handel.

Vouchſafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without ſin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our truſt is in thee.

CHORUS.

O Lord, in thee have I truſted: let me never be confounded.

ACT II.

RECIT. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

MATRONS and Virgins, with unweary'd pray'r
Solicit Heav'n for thee, their fav'rite care:
The firſt lawgiver broke th' Egyptian chain;
And, by thy hallow'd aid, we can again.

AIR.

Oh, who can tell, oh, who can hear
Of Egypt, and not ſhed a tear!
Or, who will not on Jordan ſmile,
Releas'd from bondage on the Nile!

AIR, Mr. KELLY, and CHORUS.

To long poſterity we here record
The wond'rous paſſage, and the land reſtor'd;
In wat'ry heaps affrighted Jordan ſtood,
And backward to the fountain roll'd his flood.

SONG. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.
Handel.

O thou that telleſt good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain: O thou that telleſt good tidings to Jeruſalem, lift up thy voice with ſtrength; lift it up, be not afraid: ſay unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

Ariſe, ſhine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is riſen upon thee.

CANTATA. Madame MARA.

Pergoleſi.

Chi non ode, e chi non vede
Le mie voce, e il mio ſembiante,
Non ſaprá d'un core amante
Quanta ſia la fedeltà.
Mal comprende e non lo crede
Dove giunga il mio martire,
Chi non giunſe anco a ſoffrire
Di coſtei la crudeltà. *Da Capo.*

RECIT.

Di coſtei parlo, a cui natura e amore
Solo per mio dolor, per mio diſpetto,
Armò di rabbia il petto. Tal che ſprezza
I ſoſpiri e le querele, non cura il pianto,
E ride alle mie pene.
Ah! perche non poſs'io vincer del core
L' oſtinato voler, che mi da morte;
E di lei che nemica, é di pietade,
Seguendo il rio coſtume cangiar gl'affetti
In odio e crudeltade.

Tu dovreſti, amor tiranno,
O ſcemare in me l' affanno
O addolcire il ſuo rigor.

RECIT.

Ma dove io mi rivolgo! ed'onde attendo;
Benche ſcarſo riſtoro al mio martire,
Se la bella infedel, che m' innamora,
Per lei coſi mi ſtrazia, e m' addolora.

A C C O M P.

Miſeri affetto miei ! barbara ſorte !
Tiranno amor ! ſe incrudelir ti piace,
Raddoppia i colpi, ad affrettar la morte :
Ch'io privo di ſperanza temer non ſo,
Ma cerco con coſtanza
Da morte ſol mia vera ultima pace.

A R.

Cadrò contento
Dal duol oppreſſo
Se 'l duolo iſteſſo,
Se 'l mio tormento
Se 'l tuo rigore
Cadrà con me.
Coſi di nice
Quel core ingrato
Sará placato
Godrà per me *Da Capo.*

A N T H E M. *Handel.*

My heart is inditing of a good matter; I ſpeak of the things which I have made unto the King.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable women.

Upon thy right hand did ſtand the Queen in veſture of gold; and the King ſhall have pleaſure in thy beauty.

Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and Queens thy nurſing mothers.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

(No. 5.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD VISCOUNT FITZWILLIAM.

Concert of Antient Music.

Wedneſday, March 2d, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Ariadne.)*		*Handel.*
Chorus. O be joyful. *(Jubilate.)*		*Handel.*
Song. Pallido il ſole. *(Artaxerxes.)*		*Haſſe.*
CONCERTO 4th.		*Corelli.*
Song. O come let us worſhip.	*(Anthems)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Ye boundleſs realms.		
Recit. To judgment ſoon.	*(Suſanna.)*	*Handel.*
Song. If guiltleſs blood.		
Song. Loud as the thunder's.	*(Samſon.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Awake the trumpet's.		

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	*(Caſtor and Pollux.)*	*Rameau.*
Scene.		
CONCERTO 2d, from his Solos		*Geminiani.*
Song. Intendo il tuo.		*Haſſe.*
Chorus. The Lord, &c. *(Eſther.)*		*Handel.*

ACT I.

CHORUS.

Handel.

O Be joyful in the Lord all ye lands, ſerve the Lord with gladneſs, and come before his preſence with a ſong.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Haſſe.

Pallido il ſole
Torbido il Cielo
Pena minaccia
Morte prepara
Tutto mi ſpira
Rimorſo e orror
Timor mi cinge
Di freddo gelo
Dolor mi rende
La vita amara
Io ſteſſo fremo
Contro il mio cor. *Da Capo.*

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

O come let us worſhip and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker; for he is the Lord our God, and we are the People of his paſture, and the ſheep of his hand.

RECIT. acomp. Madame MARA.

Handel.

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n;
An angel heard, and ſtraight appear'd,
Miſtaking earth for heaven.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of ſacred lays,
The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above.

So when the laſt and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high;

CHORUS.

The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

ACT II.

CHORUS of Spartans at the Tomb of CASTOR.

LET all combine,
In ſorrow join.
Honours due let us give to our loſt hero's fame,
A monument raiſe to his name.
May our love never ceaſe, nor his memory fade!
Let all combine,
In ſorrow join.

Telaira. O ſcene of woe! pale torches gleam!
Dim rays more dreadful than dark night!
Ye diſmal lamps that faintly beam,
No day ſhall I enjoy but your ſad light.
Thou who ſee'ſt my broken heart,
Father of light, O Sun, bright ſource of day!
There is no bliſs for me where Caſtor has no part,
Here I renounce thy cheerleſs ray.

CHORUS.

Let hell around
With concerts new reſound,
This griev'd ghoſt's ſorrows to diſpel.
The cry of vengeance is the ſong of hell.

Phœbe. Spirits, ſupporters of my pow'r,
Deſcend, aſſiſt me at this awful hour.
Fly to this ſad and dreary coaſt,
Force from thi- dark domain one ghoſt.
Aſſemble quick; obey my potent ſpell,
Fight, and ſubdue the monſters dire of hell.

CHORUS of Spirits.

Let us fight and quell
The monſters dire of hell.

Phœbe. Charms more pow'rful prove;
Spirits fly and obey;
Quit, quit the realms of day,
Take the ſhafts of all conqu'ring love,
Shafts of force to ſubdue mighty Jove.

Mercury, *Pollux*, and *Phœbe.*

Return, return, reſume your chains;
Hence! to your infernal plains.

Pollux. Yield to me;
Phœbe. *Mercury.* Yield to him.
} This dread paſs afford;
Pollux. And fear the ſon
Phœbe. *Mercury.* Reſpect the ſon
} of Heav'ns imperial lord.

Chorus of Spirits.

No more obey!
Yield to him this dreadful way.

Chorus of Demons.

Theſe ſtrong chains we'll break,
Solid earth we'll ſhake,

Scatter flames thro' air,
Fire of hell prepare,
'Gainſt the lightning's fire,
'Gainſt Jove's baffled ire.
Jove himſelf muſt yield
To th' all-conqu'ring pow'r
Of th' infernal field,
Pouring fiery ſhow'r.
Raſh God! he alone
Dares he to dethrone
A brother for a ſon!

SONG. Madame MARA.

Haſſe.

Intendo il tuo timore,
Comprendo il tuo amore
Ma, fidati ben mio
Alla mia fedelta.
Dell' amor tuo l' adore,
Da forza a queſto core,
E ſempre l'amor mio
A te fedel ſarà.

CHORUS.

Handel.

The Lord our enemy has ſlain;
Ye ſons of Jacob ſing a chearful ſtrain;
Sing ſongs of praiſe, bow down the knee,
The worſhip of our God is free.
The Lord our enemy has ſlain;
Ye ſons of Jacob ſing a chearful ſtrain;
For ever bleſſed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and earth his praiſe proclaim.

DUET. Signora STORACE and Mr. KELLY.

The Lord his people ſhall reſtore,
And we in Salem ſhall adore.

CHORUS.

For ever bleſſed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and earth his praiſe proclaim.

DUET. Mr. SALE and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Mount Lebanon his firs reſigns;
Deſcend ye cedars, haſte ye pines,
To build the temple of the Lord,
For God his people has reſtored.

CHORUS.

For ever bleſſed be his holy name,
Let Heav'n and earth his praiſe proclaim.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

(No. 6.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

LORD GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music.

Wedneſday, March 16th, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.		*Handel.*
Chorus. O Baal.	*(Deborah.)*	
Recit. Deeper and deeper ſtill.	*(Jephtha.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Open thy marble jaws.		
Song. Miſero Pargoletto.		*Haſſe.*
Recit. When he in his wrath.	*(Athalia.)*	*Handel.*
Air and Chorus. When ſtorms.		
CONCERTO 11th, Grand.		*Handel.*
Song. Oft on a plat.	*(Il Penſeroſo.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Con le ſtelle invan.		*Haſſe.*
Chorus. When his loud voice.	*(Jephtha.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. Hautboy.		*Handel.*
Song. Non sò d'onde viene.		*Bach.*
Air. In ſweeteſt harmony.	*(Saul.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. O fatal day.		
CONCERTO 1ſt.		*Corelli.*
Trio. Diſdainful of danger.	*(Jud. Mac.)*	*Handel.*
Recit. Me when the ſun.	*(Il Penſeroſo.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Hide me.		
Chorus. From the cenſer.	*(Solomon.)*	*Handel.*

ACT I.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, ſaith your God, ſpeak ye comfortably to Jeruſalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accompliſhed, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that cryeth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make ſtraight in the deſert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked ſtraight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord ſhall be revealed, and all fleſh ſhall ſee it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it.

RECIT. Signora STORACE.

Jomelli.

Ohime che intеſe mai
Fu il Padre che parlò
Stupido io reſto
La mercè del mio amore

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity! who haſt in ſtore
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor;
Look down! look down! from thy celeſtial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known;
Plead thy juſt cauſe, thy awful pow'r diſcloſe,
Avenge thy ſervants, and confound their foes!

RECIT. accomp. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

Deeper and deeper ſtill, thy goodneſs, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel ſentence on my fault'ring tongue.
Oh! let me whiſper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deſarts; for the ears of men
It is too ſhocking—yet—have I not
Vow'd? and can I think the great
Jehovah ſleeps, like Chemoſh,
And ſuch fabled Deities? ah! no:
Heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote
Them down—it muſt be ſo—'tis
This that racks my brain, and
Pours into my breaſt a thouſand
Pangs, that laſh me into madneſs.——
Horrid thought! my only daughter,——
So dear a child, doom'd by a father!—
Yes.—The vow is paſt, and Gilead
Hath triumph'd o'er his foes—therefore
To-morrow's dawn—I can no more.

SONG.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
And hide me earth in thy dark womb,
Ere I the name of father ſtain,
And deepeſt woe by conqueſt gain.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Haſſe.

Miſero Pargoletto,
Il tuo deſtin non ſai
Ah! non gli dite mai
Qual era il genitor.
Come in un punto oh Dio!
Tutto cambiò d' aſpetto!
Voi foſte il mio diletto,
Voi ſiete il mio terror. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

Handel.

Prieſt. When he is in his wrath reveal'd
Where will the haughty lie conceal'd?

AIR and CHORUS. Mr. SALE.

When ſtorms the proud to terrors doom,
He forms the dark majeſtic ſcene;
He rolls his thunder through the gloom,
And on the whirlwind rides ſerene.
O Judah! boaſt his matchleſs law,
Pronounc'd with ſuch tremendous awe;
When tempeſts his approach proclaim'd
And Sinai's trembling mountain flam'd,
All Judah then his terrors ſaw.

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

Oft on a plat of riſing ground
I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
O'er ſome wide water'd ſhore
Swinging ſlow, with ſullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

SONG. Madame MARA.

Haſſe.

Con le ſtelle invan s' adira
Chi s'affanna, chi ſoſpira
Volontario prigionier.
Il lagnarſi a lui che giova.
Se non cerca, ſe non trova,
Chè ne' lacci il ſuo piacer.

CHORUS.

Handel.

When his loud voice in thunder ſpoke
With conſcious fear the billows broke,
Obſervant of his dread command:
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great Power
That gave them ſtrength to roar.
They now contract their boiſt'rous pride,
And laſh with idle rage the laughing ſtrand.

ACT II.

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Bach.

NON sò d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi naſce nel petto;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi và.
Nel ſeno a deſtarmi
Sì fieri contraſti,
Non parmi che baſti
La ſola pietà.

AIR and CHORUS. Signora STORACE.

Handel.

In ſweeteſt harmony they liv'd,
Nor death their union could divide;
The pious ſon ne'er left his father's ſide,
But him defending, bravely dy'd:
A loſs too great to be ſurviv'd!
For Saul, ye maids of Iſrael mourn,
To whoſe indulgent care
You owe the ſcarlet and the gold you wear,
And all the pomp in which your beauty long has ſhone.

CHORUS.

Oh, fatal day; how low the mighty lie!
Oh, Jonathan, how nobly didſt thou die!
For thy King and people ſlain.

AIR.

For thee, my brother Jonathan,
How great is my diſtreſs!
What language can my grief expreſs;
Great was the Pleaſure I enjoy'd with thee,
And more than woman's love, thy wond'rous love to me.

CHORUS.

Oh, fatal day, how low the mighty lie;
Where, Iſrael, is thy glory fled?
Spoil'd of thy arms, and ſunk in infamy
How canſt thou raiſe again thy drooping head?

TRIO. Meſſrs. NIELD, KELLY, and SALE. *Handel.*

Diſdainful of danger, we'll ruſh on the foe,
That thy pow'r, O Jehovah, all nations may know.

RECIT. Madame MARA. *Handel.*

Me when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown, that Sylvan loves;

There, in cloſe covert, by ſome brook,
Where no profaner's eye may look.

S O N G.

Hide me from day's gariſh eye;
While the bee, with honied thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
Then, as I wake, ſweet muſic, breathe
Above, about, or underneath;
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortal's good,
Or the unſeen genius of the wood.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

Handel.

From the cenſer curling riſe
Grateful incenſe to the ſkies
Heaven bleſſes David's throne,
Happy, happy, Solomon.
Live, live for ever, pious David's ſon:
Live, live for ever, mighty Solomon.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

(No. 7.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

Concert of Antient Music.

Wedneſday, March 23d, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Ptolomy.)*		*Handel.*
Recit. Juſtly thoſe evils.	*(Samſon.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Why doth the God.		
Chorus. Gloria in excelſis.		*Negri.*
Song. Caro padre.		*Perez.*
CONCERTO 2d, Oboe.		*Handel.*
Funeral Anthem.		*Handel.*
Recit. A father offering.	*(Jephtha.)*	*Handel.*
Song. Waſt her, angels.		
Air and Chorus. Glory to God.	*(Joſhua.)*	*Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 2d.		*Ricciotti.*
Duet. The Lord.	*(Iſrael in Egypt.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. He gave them hailſtones.	*(Ditto.)*	*Handel.*
Song. The Prince unable.	*(Alexander's Feaſt)*	*Handel.*
CONCERTO 8th.		*Corelli.*
Song. Penſive ſorrow.	*(Time and Truth.)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. Worthy is the Lamb.	*(Meſſiah.)*	*Handel.*

ACT I.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

JUSTLY thoſe evils have befallen my ſon;
Sole author I, ſole cauſe. My griefs for this
Forbid mine eye to cloſe, or thoughts to reſt:
But now the ſtrife ſhall end; me overthrown,
Dagon preſumes to enter liſts with God;
Who, thus provok'd will not connive, but rouſe
His fury ſoon, and his great name aſſert.
Dagon ſhall ſtoop, 'ere long be quite deſpoil'd
Of all thoſe boaſted trophies won on me.

SONG.

Why doth the God of Iſr'el ſleep?
Ariſe with dreadful ſound,
And clouds encompaſs'd round,
Then ſhall the heathen hear thy thunder deep.
The tempeſt of thy wrath now raiſe,
In whirlwind them purſue,
Full fraught with vengeance due,
'Till ſhame and trouble all thy foes ſhall ſeize

CHORUS.

Negri.

Gloria in excelſis, Deo Gloria.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Perez.

Caro padre a me non Dei
Rammentar che padre fei
Io lo ſo.
Ma in queſti accenti,
Non ritrovo il genitor,
Non ſon io . . .
Che ti conſiglia,
È il reſpetto, d'un regnante
E l' affetto figlia
È il rimorſo del tuo cor.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Handel.

QUARTETTO. Signora STORACE, Mr. NIELD, Mr. KELLY, and Mr. SALE.

When the ear heard him, then it bleſſed him; and when the eye ſaw him, it gave witneſs of him

CHORUS.

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherleſs, and him that had none to help him—Kindneſs, meekneſs, and comfort were in his tongue; if there was any virtue, and if there was any praiſe, he thought on thoſe things.

QUARTETTO.

His body is buried in peace.

CHORUS.

But his name liveth evermore.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

A father offering up his only child
In vow'd return for victory and peace.

SONG.

Waft her, angels, through the ſkies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious there, like you, to riſe,
There, like you, for ever reign.

RECIT. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

'Tis well! ſix times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the duſt the town ſhall ſoon be laid;
Now the ſeventh ſun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the ſhrill trumpet—ſhout, and blow the horns.

MARCH and CHORUS.

Glory to God, the ſtrong cemented walls
The tott'ring towers, the pond'rous ruin falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful ſound,
Heaven thunders, tempeſts roar, and groans the ground!

ACT II.

DUET. Mr. SALE and Mr. BELLAMY junior. *Handel.*

THE Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name, Pharaoh's chariots and his hoſt hath he caſt into the ſea; his choſen captains alſo are drowned in the Red Sea.

CHORUS. *Handel.*

He gave them hailſtones for rain; fire, mingled with the hail, ran along upon the ground.

SONG, Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care.
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt:
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.

SONG. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

Penſive ſorrow, deep poſſeſſing;
Life deſpo'ls of every bleſſing:
Wrapt in ſhades of piercing woe,
Who indulges Grief's ſad paſſion
(Sore vexation!)
Knows no joyful day below. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and bleſſing.

Bleſſing, and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that ſitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

(No. 8.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF EXETER.

Concert of Antient Music.

Wedneſday, March 30th, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. *(Semele.)* *Handel.*
Song. Cara ſpoſa. *(Rhadamiſtus.)* *Handel.*
Chorus. Crown with feſtal pomp. *(Hercules.)* *Handel.*
Song. Non vi turbate. *Gluck.*
CONCERTO 1ſt. Opera 3d. *Geminiani.*
Air and Chorus. Tyrants would. *(Athalia.)* *Handel.*
Song. One thing have I deſired. *(Anthem.)* *Handel.*
Chorus. O God, who in thy. *(Joſeph.)* *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 11th. *Corelli.*
Song. Love ſounds. *(Acis and Galatea.)* *Handel.*
Chorus. He ſmote all. *(Iſrael in Egypt.)* *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1ſt. *Martini.*
Song. Let me wander.
Song. Or let the merry bells } *(L'Allegro.)* *Handel.*
Chorus. And young and old.
Song. O beauteous Queen. *(Eſther.)* *Handel.*
Chorus. Immortal Lord. *(Deborah.)* *Handel.*

ACT I.

SONG. Mr. KELLY.

Handel.

CARA ſpoſa, amato bene
Prendi ſpeme
Che non ſempre irato il cielo
Volgerá lo ſdegno in me.
Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil core,
Il dolore
Ch'il vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo ſpirto e'l pie. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS.

Handel.

Crown with feſtal pomp the day,
Be mirth extravagantly gay;
Bid the grateful altars ſmoke:
Bid the maids the youths provoke
To join the dance, while muſic's voice
Tells aloud our rapt'rous joys.

SONG. Signora STORACE.

Gluck.

Non vi turbate nò
Pietoſi Dei
Se a voi m' involero
Qualche momento
Anche ſenza il rigor
De' voti miei
Io moriro d' amor
E di contento.

AIR, Madame MARA.

Handel.

Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorer's ſongs;
But ſhall Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

CHORUS.

Tyrants, ye in vain conſpire;
Wake the lute and ſtrike the lyre.
Why ſhould Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute?

SONG, Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

One thing have I deſired of the Lord, which I will require, even that I may dwell in the houſe of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to viſit his temple.

CHORUS.

Handel.

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand,
  Doſt hold the hearts of mighty kings,
O take thy Jacob, and his land,
  Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings.
Thou know'ſt our wants before our pray'r,
  Then let us not confounded be;
Thy tender mercies let us ſhare,
  O Lord, we truſt alone in thee.

ACT II,

AIR. Mr. KELLY. *Handel.*

LOVE ſounds the alarm,
And fear is flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treaſure,
I'll bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleaſure,
For life is a pain. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. *Handel.*

He ſmote all the firſt-born of Egypt, the chief of all their ſtrength. But as for his people he led them forth like ſheep. He brought them out with ſilver and gold, there was not one feeble perſon in all their tribes.

RECIT. Signora STORACE. *Handel.*

If I give the honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander not unſeen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green;
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe;
And every ſhepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checker'd ſhade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a ſunſhine holliday,
'Till the live-long day-light fail.
Thus paſs'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd to ſleep.

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Handel.

O beauteous queen, uncloſe thoſe eyes,
My faireſt ſhall not bleed:
Hear love's ſoft voice that bids thee riſe,
And bids thy ſuit ſucceed,
Aſk, and 'tis granted from this hour,
Who ſhares our heart, ſhall ſhare our pow'r.

Da Capo.

(No. 9.) UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

Concert of Antient Music.

Wednesday, April 6th, 1791.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. *(Saul.)*		*Handel.*
Scene. *(Samson.)*		*Handel.*
Song. O had I Jubal's Lyre. *(Joshua.)*		*Handel.*
Air and Chorus. Dryads. *(Time and Truth.)*		*Handel.*
CONCERTO 2d.		*Bond.*
Recit. Who quits.	*(Solomon.)*	*Boyce.*
Song. Balmy sweetness.		
Recit. But bright Cecilia.	*(Dryden's Ode)*	*Handel.*
Chorus. As from the		

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	*(Castor and Pollux.)*	*Rameau.*
Scene.		
Song. Love in her eyes. *(Acis and Galatea.)*		*Handel.*
Song. Verdi prati.		*Handel.*
CONCERTO 4th. Opera 4th.		*Avison.*
Song. Pious orgies.		*Handel.*
Chorus. Let their celestial. *(Samson)*		*Handel.*